MUMBLES#3

CONTINENTAL ISSUE

LOST MY JOB! MUMBLE, MOAN!
JOB... DOG..RUN OVER, GROAN!
WIFE LEFT ME... OH WOE BLUBBER!
NO FOOD INA HOUSE... SLOBBER...
CAR'S INA SHOP, BROKE DOWN
✓x★!! -COUGH! GOTTA LEMME
COME SEE YA, SPLUTTER! PLEEZE
YR THE -GAG- ONLY ONE FUR ME
ONLY ONE WHO UNDERST...BLORT!!
WHO CARES... C'MON.. UGH - BABY
ARE YOU THERE? ALONE?
OH PULEEZE CAN I
COME..
JOB.. CRACKLE.. MUMBLE..
DOG... MOAN! WIFE..RUN OVER
GROAN....FOOD! BLUBBER..BROKE
LEMME... SPLUTTER....PLEEZE
YOU'RE THE GAG! WHO CARES
C'MON... SPLORT... BURP!
CAN I PULEEZE?
?

JOHN E 84

INSIDE!!!

NOW 36 PAGES!

COMICS!

INTERVIEWS!!

SHORT FICTION!!!

REAL LIFE TALES!!

MORE COMICS!

PLUS!!!

GIANT POSTCARD GIVE AWAY!

SORRY KIDS, ADULLTS ONLY $2.00

Tragicomedy: 1."A play or other literary work combining tragic and comic elements. 2. A real situation or incident like this." Tragicomic book? Why not?

P. Green suggested a few years ago I work out an act as a "stand-up tragedian"... "Good evening folks, here's the news... 900 people dead in Jonestown-electric kool-aid arsenic test suspected." What it is.

MUMBLES #3. Good to be back in your livingroom. Special thanks to Steve Willis and Clay Geerdes. Steve's given up editing his unique mini-series OUTSIDE IN to concentrate on other projects. O.I. is still alive and well in the able hands of Micheal Dowers of STARHEAD COMICS, 204 1/2 N. 39th, Seattle, WA. 98103. Clay and COMIX WORLD/WAVE marches on.

Thanks to everyone who contributed this time, couldn't have done it withoutcha! Also much thanks to Wichita stores: WATERMARK BOOKS, 149 North Broadway... and SECOND TIME AROUND, 839 S. Hillside for over a year of continued support.

enjoy yourself,

John E

!!!LETTERS!!!

I'VE RECIEVED ENOUGH CORRESPONDENCE LATELY TO FILL A BOOK THIS SIZE. THE FOLLOWING TWO EXCERPTS REPRESENT BOTH ENDS OF A VAST SPECTRUM OF COMMENTS - THANKS FOR WRITING IN!

"MUMBLES" #2 isn't creatively much, but it's an earnest effort, and I would think that some people who lack taste would enjoy it.

Good luck with your life, B.N.D.

CRACK THAT WHIP! - ed.

I thought your MUMBLES work was brilliant to say the least.

Bye, Matt Feazell

CYNICAL, MAN? NO? WHY, THANKS! - ed.

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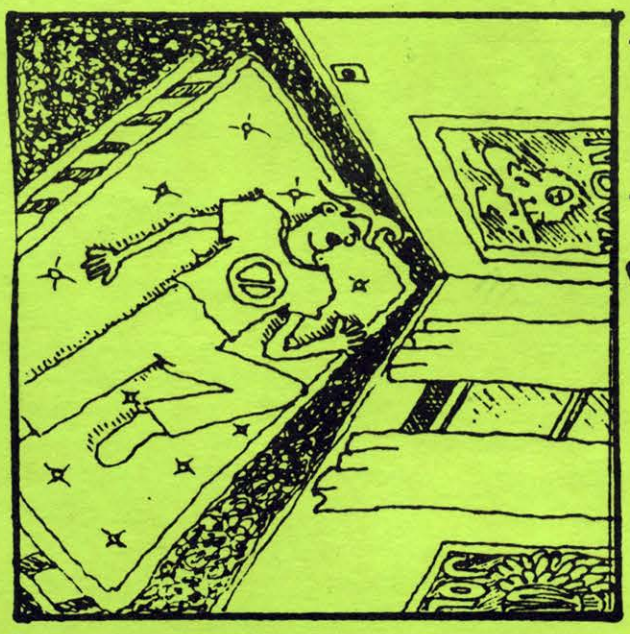
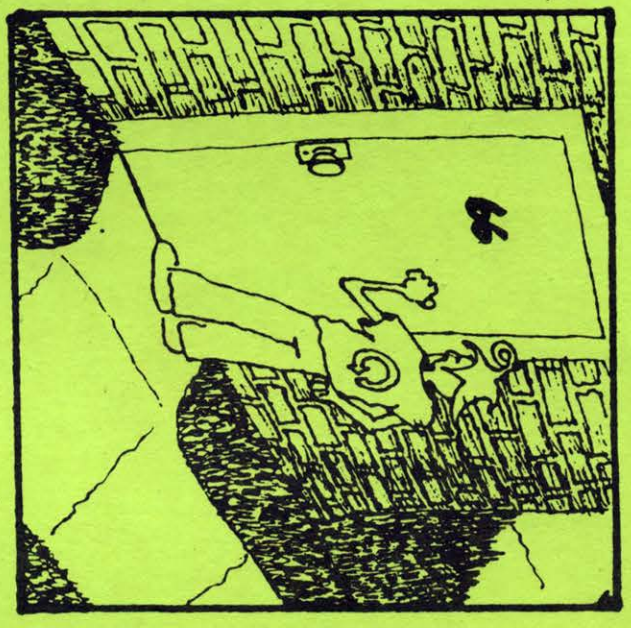
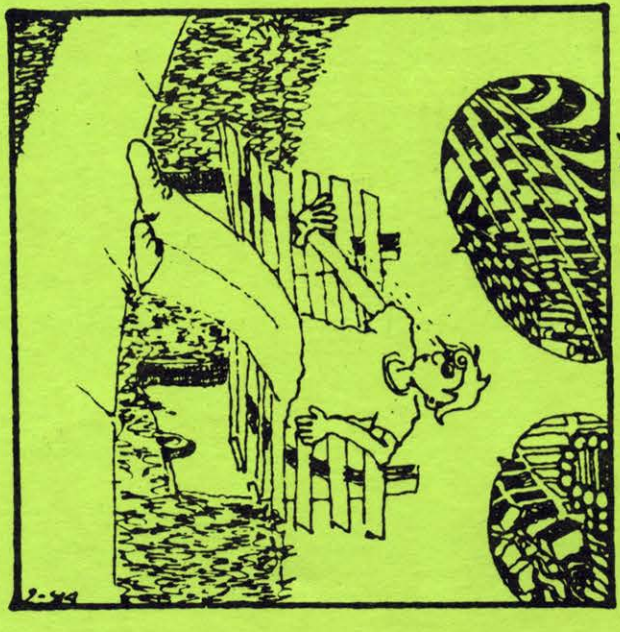
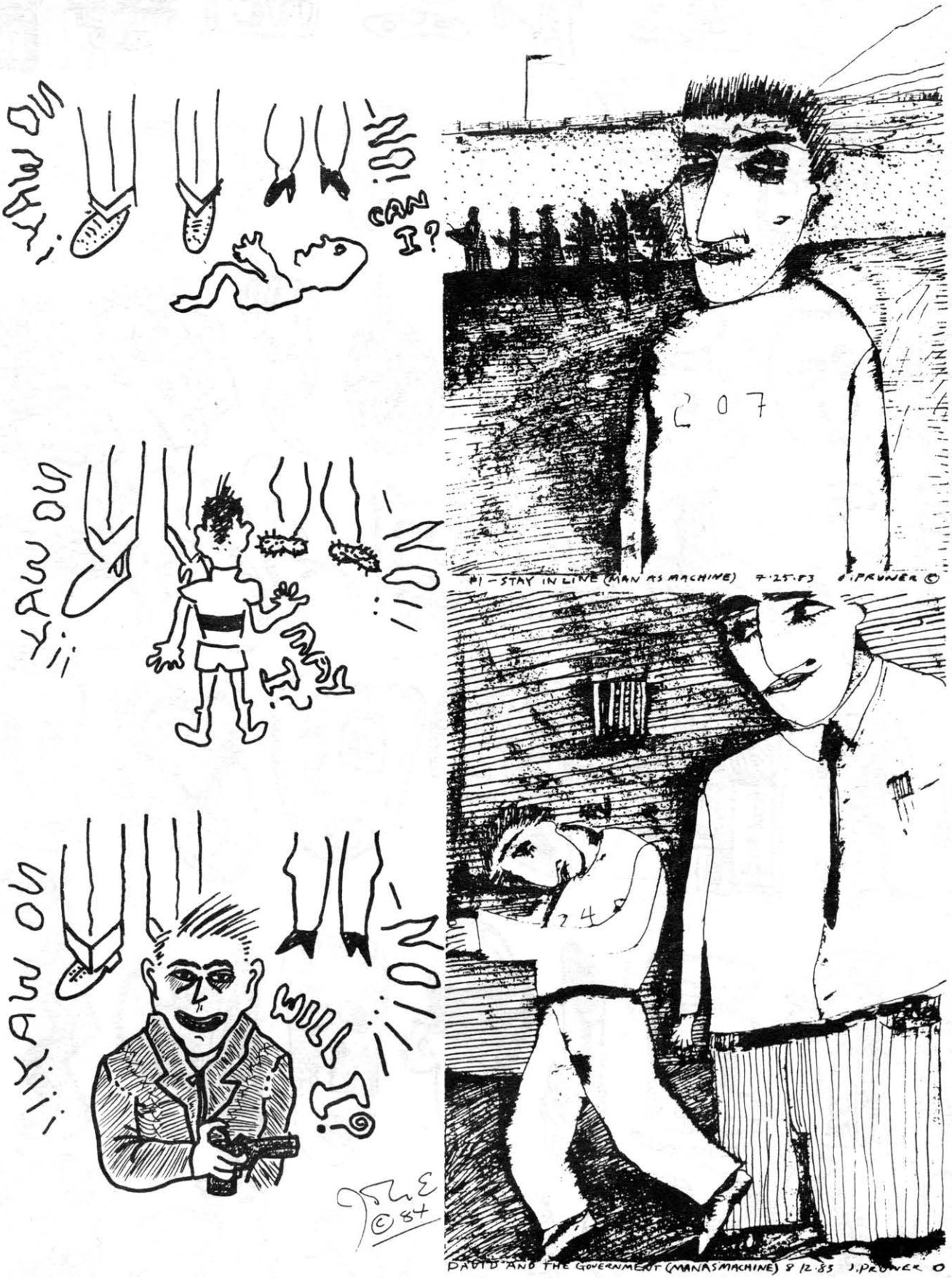
Portrait of John E (top of this page) by H.L.L., age 4.

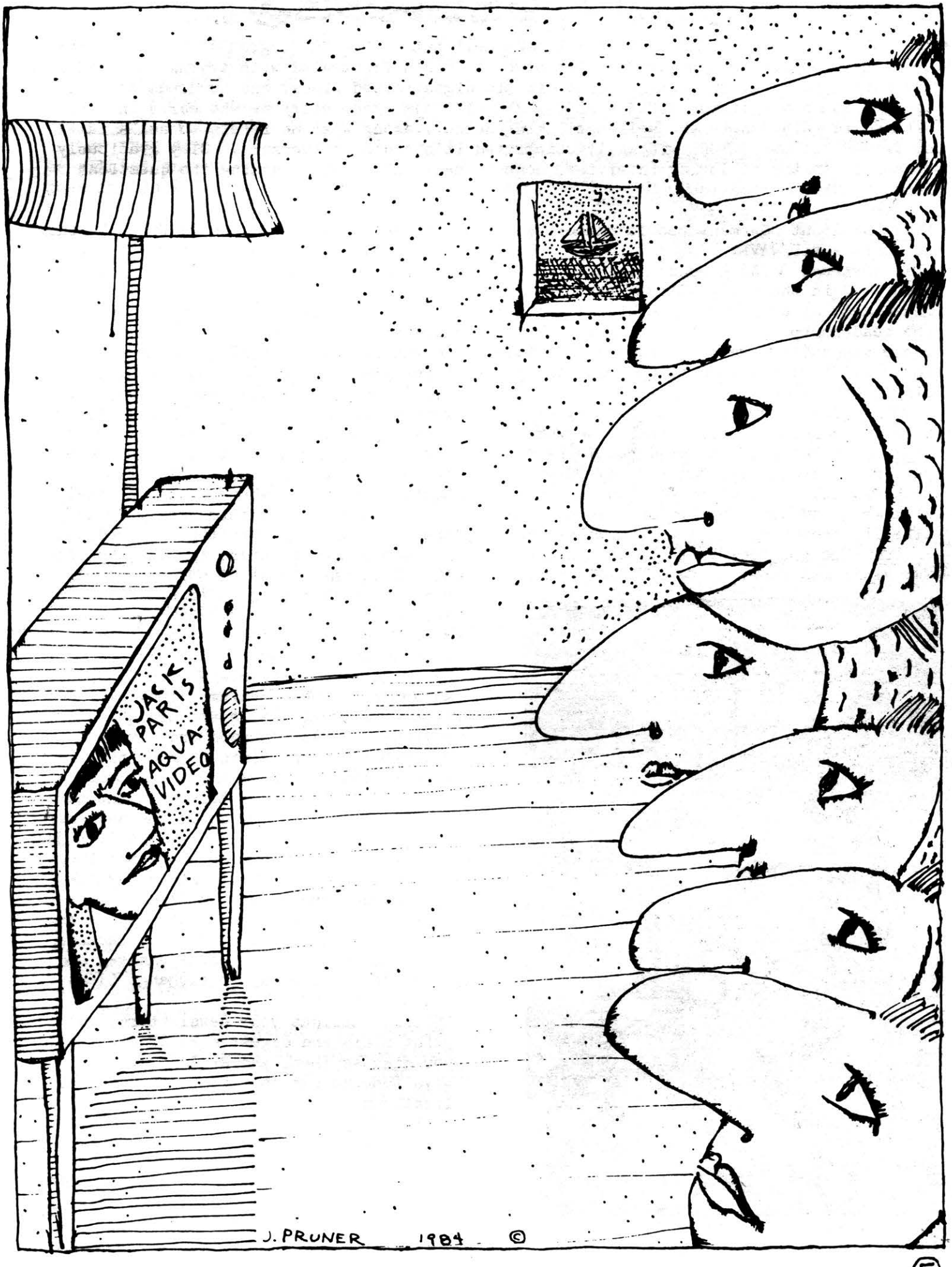







CAN I?
WILL I?
#1 - STAY IN LINE (MAN AS MACHINE) 7·25·83 J.PRUNER ©
DAVID AND THE GOVERNMENT (MANASMACHINE) 8·12·83 J.PRUNER ©

SHAPES-1 BY BOB "X"


JACK
PARIS
AQUA
VIDEO
J. PRUNER 1984 ©

AN INTERVIEW WITH:

CLAY GEERDES © 1984

Clay Geerdes is a true pioneer in the self-publishing "underground". He's been responsible for giving exposure to alot of cartoonists frustrated with trying to break into the more mainstream publishing world via his digest-sized zines, and hundreds of mini comix. His newsletters- COMIX WORLD, and COMIX WAVE, keep everyone who cares in touch with whats going on in the self-publishing scene...among what he refers to as "a family of friends". COMIX WORLD recently celebrated it's tenth anniversary. Clay graciously consented to the following interview, done by mail, with John E asking the questions for our MUMBLES readers...

MUMBLES: About how many people subscribe to COMIX WORLD/WAVE?
CLAY: Between 3 and 4 hundred. My high was about 476 in the early 70's. Freebies given away at cons and comic stores extend the readership quite a bit though. I know there are small circles of people in little towns all over the country who pass the single copy around.
MUMBLES: Could you estimate how many of those subscribers publish their own work?
CLAY: Must be over a hundred people self-publishing right now, but I'd say 30-40 are regular. Lots of people just do one mini to check out the form and see how they like it, then they go on to something else.
MUMBLES: Do you feel there is an audience for minis and other self-published comix outside the group of people who make them?
CLAY: Well, sure there's an audience. I think a lot depends on what is in the comic and who gets ahold of it. Since the minis contain anything, you never know what the reaction is going to be. To understand the minis, you have to think about comics as a whole. I think people who are really into comics, who really dig the form, dig cartooning, clowning around on paper; well I think these folks are going to check out everything that happens that looks like a comic or cartoon, whether it's a panel, strip, story, or graphic novel. Because the minis are an apprenticeship medium, a place where beginners try out the form, they lack the status of more polished publications; that's to be understood, and once it is, you have to ask, well, what kind of audience is interested in looking at that sort of artwork? a very small one. But the minis are not just an apprenticeship medium. They also contain artwork by people who are quite polished. A lot of pros and semi-pros contribute to the minis to show that they support the newcomers and the freedom of expression which is inherent in the newave comix. I never worry about the audience myself. It'll take care of itself. I just get the comix out and keep the machinery running smoothly. Hell, minis may take off one day and become as faddist as pet rocks or hula hoops--who knows? or cares? Those of us who do them do them because it's fun, quick, not too expensive, and makes for a nice way to exchange ideas and make friends.
MUMBLES: Besides your newsletters, you print minis and digest-size zines..would you discuss them, and explain the various ways someone can contribute to your publications?
CLAY: Anyone can contribute to the mini-comix. No restrictions to speak of. What size? The sizes are easy. Take an 8 1/2 x 11" sheet of paper and fold it in half. That is the size for the artwork for

cont..

a digestzine like COMIX WAVE. Leave about half an inch margin. For a mini-comix, one more fold. Those are the sizes I need. You may draw any size you like and have a reduction sent to me. If I print something you send; I don't print everything, obviously, because I get some things that are just too poorly drawn to be printed anywhere, but any gag that is done in black ink and shows a glimmer of talent gets in one or another of my zines (regular titles being BABYFAT and Fried Brains). COMIX WAVE is reserved for more advanced artists--it has to be damned good to be considered for CW or for BGA. And you have to be a dues-paying member of COMIX WAVE ($6 a year or $11 for 2 years). The dues help pay some of the expenses on all these printing projects and give me the confidence that I'm not working with a gang of freeloaders.

MUMBLES: You've expressed irritation with comix that "kow tow to fine art", and yet you've also stated "that anything could be a comic book, and should be". Would you explain the apparent discrepancy in these remarks?

CLAY: Comix and fine art. Well, comix are fine art; on the whole, you're going to find the finest art in comic books and graphic story books, not in museums, but there is an art establishment, dominated by the rich, in this country and others, and that establishment has decided that comic art is trash. This absurd opinion, of course, dates back to the early days when the books were printed on cheap paper and sold for next to nothing on newsstands; consequently, those who equate art with how much it costs, can never see a ten cent comic as anything but junk while a Degas ballet dancer, however poorly rendered, will go for a couple of million bucks. Problem for any artist is deciding which direction to go, since in the U.S., he has to pick one. In France, there is no stigma attached to someone who draws comic albums, and many fine book illustrators do both (Moebius comes to mind.). In this country, comics tend to be lumped together, and the overall opinion is that they are trash or junk, dangerous for the kids, blah blah. David Sheridan once said, "Comix are the people's fine art." I think that about says it. There are a few cartoon museums about the country though, and I think there will be more of them in the future. The success of comic conventions and the comic store movement, direct-sales, etc. will ultimately lead in the direction of more museums and

library collections.

I don't see any discrepancy in those comments. I still think anything could and should be a comic book, but there are many who would argue with me. I think of the dealer attitude toward comics, for example. I recall one holding up a mini-comix in San Diego one time saying "I hate this shit." He saw me then and smiled and I smiled back. I loved it. You see a dealer hates the mini-comic because there is no way he's going to make any money out of it. He can promote old Fox and Fiction House comics into big bucks by hyping "good girl art" but there is nothing he can do to make the minis big bucks. They will always remain a fast-print peoples form--Everyman's art. Mini-cartoonists do what they want to do. They doodle up some ideas, run them off, and zip them into the steam of comics. They don't ask some editor at some big money company if it's all right if they print this or that idea. They do it. The minis are an immediate form, an action form, and ultimately the only completely spontaneous uncensored form extant. Hell, if you haven't got access to a xerox that will print them, you're still asking permission, because you may run into some uptight printer (as Jim

cont...

Ryan did recently) who says your stuff is obscene and he won't print it. Later for printers who try to preach; let them soapbox in the park. I do all my own work now. Paste-ups, mechanicals, printing on the xerox 8200, everything. I probably spend four or five times what comes in on the minis and DZs, but it's my thing and I enjoy it. Love it when a new one is ready. Always have a dozen or more in the works and a list of new titles in my notebook. I have more titles than any comic company in the world. In 1983, I ran 88 mini-comix, 14 DZs, 48 newsletters, about three dozen extra columns which appeared in zines like TELEGRAPH WIRE and INSIDE JOKE, and I'm not even tired. The whole point is to keep everyone drawing, working out ideas, perfecting their craft. Some people get into the regular comics as Valentino has done with NORMALMAN, but other people join up and the newave trip keeps going stronger than ever.

MUMBLES: You often give an off-the-cuff review of a movie or movies you've recently seen in your newsletters...some motion picture scenes begin as story boards.... do you see any correlation between the medium of film, and cartooning?

CLAY: Sure, I like movies. Film and cartooning though, that's a long discussion in itself. I'm sure most cartoonists are influenced by animated cartoons, particularly these days when they have grown up seeing them on Saturday morning and afternoon t-v.

MUMBLES: What is your favorite type of film? Least favorite?

CLAY: I like most types of films. Can't stomach overly pretentious intellectual foreign imports. It can be foreign and still be shitty and imitative and boring. Hate Godard. Loved Bertolucci's films.

MUMBLES: A lot of people these days are interested in computers and computer games, especially kids...Do you think computer generated graphics have a place in the future of comix? Or is that too impersonal a trip?

CLAY: I enjoy all kinds of computers and the things they do. I don't see much of a relationship between them and cartooning, though I see there is an Atari out now that lets you draw a picture which shows on the monitor. I doubt that any of this will have much to do with comics. We cartoonists are lovers of good black ink and Bristol board. A monitor is only fun when it has something like AUTOMAN or THE FALL GUY on it. That's too much like work. Cartooning has to be fun.

MUMBLES: How do you define the term NEWAVE which you have used to label the newer generation of underground cartoonists and their work?

CLAY: Newave is anything done outside the comic art establishment, anything self-published, anything that is open to everyone who wants to draw, anything you want to call newave. The term is a leftover from the late fifties when French filmmakers were discussed as "the New Wave." I don't know who combined it first,frankly; might have been George Erling or Richard Krauss, anyone. If you have to have some blanket term, it's as good as any. I never think, "I'm drawing a newave comic" when I sit down to doodle. I just play around with an idea and see what happens. I'm sure everyone else does the same. Who has time for philosophy when there are so many gags to draw? I don't really label the new cartoonists at all. The newave encompasses people left over from the underground as well as guys just getting out of high school and starting college; it's not agist at all, though individual groups of newavers might be peers.

MUMBLES: What do you like to do for FUN?

CLAY:I draw for fun. I live with a woman who has a wonderful sense of humor and it makes my day when she laughs at a cartoon I've just completed. This is a really tough question for me, because I think most of the things I do are fun. If it isn't fun, I usually don't do it. I've turned down some pretty good money over the years because what was required didn't fit in with my lifestyle. I was a teacher for about 10 years. That was fun. I always enjoyed writing stories and articles for the underground papers; that was fun (well mostly, getting teargassed a few times wasn't all that much of a giggle.). I acted and directed for awhile when I was teaching and that was fun. I'll tell you what wasn't fun--having that toothache last month. That wasn't fun. I play tennis. Am a rugby and football fan.

MUMBLES: Any closing remarks?

CLAY: Closing remarks? Yeah, enjoy yourself. Don't take life so seriously. Don't take art so seriously. If art becomes your work, you may never enjoy art. Cartooning is more fun than arting.

My latest books are COMIX WAVE 17 ($1.87 pp, 28 pages) and BAD GIRL ART 6 ($1.87 pp, 16 pages).

THE END.

"SEX with the STARS" CONTINUED...

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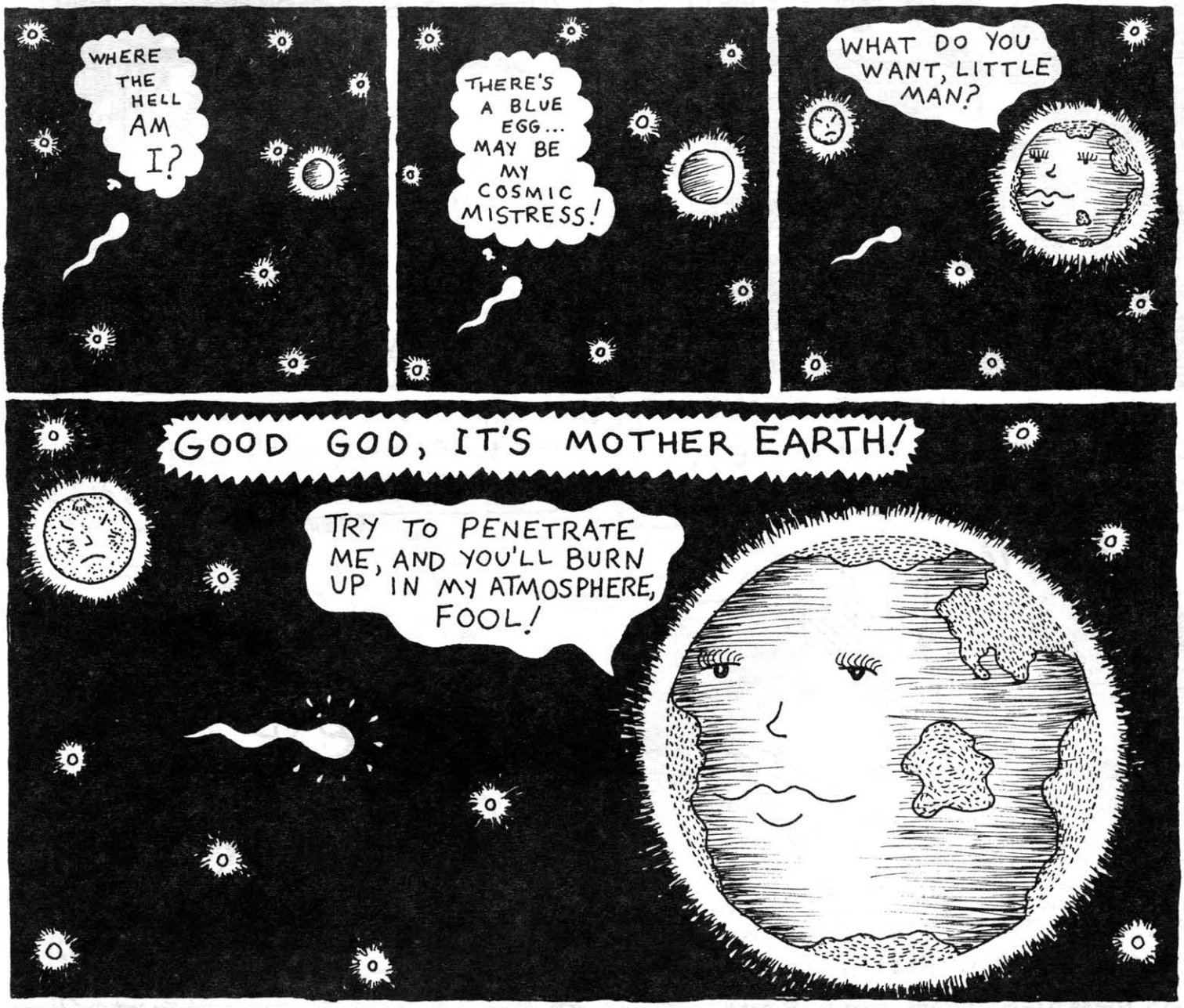

WHERE THE HELL AM I?
THERE'S A BLUE EGG... MAY BE MY COSMIC MISTRESS!
WHAT DO YOU WANT, LITTLE MAN?
GOOD GOD, IT'S MOTHER EARTH!
TRY TO PENETRATE ME, AND YOU'LL BURN UP IN MY ATMOSPHERE, FOOL!
THERE'S SOMETHING IRRESISTABLE ABOUT THIS HEAVENLY BODY!
OUR BOY'S BEEN SEDUCED INTO ORBIT..!
CAN'T HELP MYSELF!
IS HE TRAPPED IN THE MAGNETIC PULL OF THE UNTOUCHABLE FEMALE?

ZEB and JEB
...THAT'S IT FOR SPORTS. AND NOW ZEB WILL CLUE US IN ON THE WEATHER. ZEB?
UH... YEAH...
TOMORROW THE NATION, AND THE ENTIRE WORLD FOR THAT MATTER, CAN EXPECT WEATHER OF SOME SORT.
BUT WHAT DOES THAT MATTER WHEN NUCLEAR WAR CAN DESTROY US ALL ANY SECOND?!?
YES! AND JESUS WILL RETURN AND KICK THE ANTICHRIST IN THE POOPER! AND ARMAGEDDON WILL RAIN FIREY DEATH UPON US!!!
AND ALL YOU ROTTEN SINNERS WILL FRY!!! FRY!!! HAHAHAHAHAHA!

TV
YOU BLIMS WILL NEVER WORK IN THIS TOWN AGAIN! LAST TIME I WILL EVER HIRE SIAMESE TWINS! YOU GEEKS! NEVER COME
SMOOTH MOVE, EX-LAX! YET ANOTHER JOB WE CAN KISS GOODBYE — THANKS TO YOU!
SORRY JEB, I...I... JUST COULDN'T HELP MYSELF!
?
?
FRANKLY, YOUR EXCUSES ARE STARTING TO GET TIRESOME ...WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO STOP THIS NONSENSE?!?
I..I...
...I REALLY CAN'T HELP IT, JEB! JUST LOOK AT ALL THE SIN AROUND US! PEOPLE THINK THEY HAVE A PERFECT RIGHT TO LAUGH AND SING AND DANCE AND ENJOY THEMSELVES WHENEVER THEY WANT...
...AND WORST OF ALL, THEY WANT TO THINK FOR THEMSELVES!!! THE VERY GALL OF IT! DON'T THEY KNOW WE'RE ON EARTH TO GO THROUGH GUILT-RIDDEN SUFFERING, JUST LIKE...
...OUR SAVORING LORD JESUS H. CHRIST.
ENOUGH OF THIS, ZEB!

BUT JEB, THERE IS NO QUESTION THIS BOOK CANNOT ANSWER!
WHAT'S THE CAPITAL CITY OF OHIO?
CLEVELAND! NO, AKRON! NO, SANDUSKY! NO! NO! I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER! THE POINT IS...
WHAT'S WRONG? DOESN'T YOUR BOOK HAVE AN INDEX?
HOLY BIBLE
I CAN'T TAKE IT! I JUST CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE!! I SIMPLY WILL NOT LOOK UPON THIS SIN AROUND ME EVER AGAIN!!
OUT, VILE JELLIES!!
THAT'S A BIT DRASTIC, DON'T YOU THINK?
SQUIRT! POP POP
AND I EAT UPON THE EVIL WINDOWS THAT EAT UPON MY SOUL!!!
WEIRD.
GULP!
HEY, LOOKIT THAT! YOUR EYES POPPED BACK THROUGH YOUR NOSE!
I CAN'T WIN...

SPROING!
FREE AT LAST!
OING!
BOING!
TRIP!
PFPFT!
POOMPF!

CUTE.
BUT REALLY, THOSE GAPING HOLES ARE QUITE UNSIGHTLY. THESE PING-PONG BALLS I MARKED SHOULD DO THE TRICK---
NOW, LET'S GO. I KNOW WHERE WE CAN FIND ONE JOB YOU CAN'T FUCK UP!
LATER- INSIDE ZEB'S MOUTH...
AT LAST! NO MORE SIN TO LOOK AT!
BUT ON THE OUTSIDE...
YESSIR, AN ELEGANT WINE, Cherise Merde, '72. ALLOW ME TO OPEN THIS BOTTLE FOR YOU.
THANK YOU, WAITER.
POP!
S.W.

THE SECOND COMING

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST CAME IN 1936 WHEN LARRY B. SMITH WAS BORN ON THE THIRD FLOOR OF A MEDICAL FACILITY IN WICHITA, KANSAS.
GREG BLAIR © 1994

BY THE TIME HE WAS 13, HE HAD BEGUN HEARING DISEMBODIED VOICES THAT CLAIMED TO BE ANGELS.
PSST! HEY, KID!
WE'VE GOT BIG PLANS FOR YOU, KID!
HEY DUMMY! THROW DA BALL!
HEY LARRY! WAKE UP!

YOU'RE THE MESSIAH, LARRY!
GOSH! REALLY?
HE HAD NEVER TOLD ANYONE ABOUT THE VOICES, BUT WHEN HE TURNED 21, AN ANGEL APPEARED TO HIM AND TOLD HIM HE WAS THE MESSIAH.

AFTER YEARS OF TREATMENT, LARRY WAS CERTIFIED SANE AND RETURNED TO SOCIETY.
I TELL YOU, YOU'RE HIM!
YOU'RE A DELUSION!
BUT THE VISITATIONS CONTINUED.

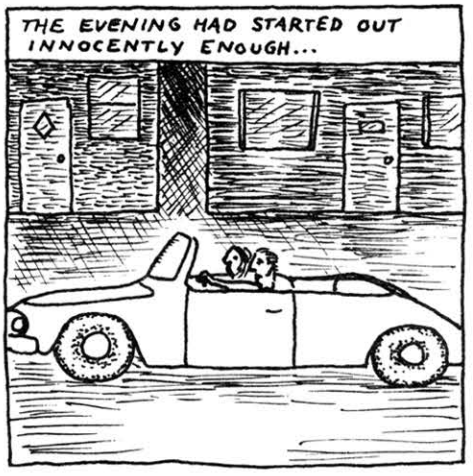
THE LIFE OF
OSCAR
©1982 Kim Thompson
THIS IS A BRIEF CHAPTER 'BOUT A ORDINARY GUY NAME OF OSCAR, OSCAR ZILCH..
BASICALLY, HE WAS OKAY. HIS STRONG POINTS WERE HIDDEN.
HE LIKED TO THINK HE WAS GERMAN THAT HE HAD A STRONG HERITAG BASSED ON THRU THE BLOOD OF COUNTLESS GENERATIONS. HE FELT A PRIDE & SELF ESTEEM.
ALTHO HE WASN'T
HE LIKED BEER, BUT ALWAYS DRANK TOO MUCH AND ACTED THE CLOWN/ASSHOLE
TRIP
OOF!
HE FREQUENTLY WRECKED CARS..
GOT IN FISTFIGHTS
BASH!
BUSTED..
RUINED RELATIONSHIPS..
BROKE THINGS
HE WAS A FUCK-UP.
BELCH!
FIRST CLASS
EVERYONE ELSE KNEW
BUT HE WAS TOLERATED, AS A MASCOT.
ONE DAY, IT DAWNED ON OSCAR THAT THINGS WERE NOT GOING RIGHT...
THINGS AREN'T GOING RIGHT...
HE TRIED TO FIND SOMETHING TO BLAME IT ON. HE TRIED HIS PARENTS..
BOOT!
AND STAY OUT!
HIS GIRLFRIEND
SLAM!
HIS JOB...
SEVERANCE PAY
YOU GET NOTHING!!
HE FOUND HE HAD LESS & LESS FRIENDS...
WITH NO ONE LEFT TO TURN TO, NO RESPECT, OR PITY, HE TOOK TO DRUGS...
SKWIT!
PUNK ROCK..
GRRR!
BUT AS THESE ONLY ACCENTUATED THE NEGATIVE, HE GOT IN DEEPER & DEEPER..
TILL HE REALIZED IT WAS ALL HIS OWN FAULT HE WAS A FUCKUP. WITH NO ONE TO BLAME NOW, A TREMENDOUS WAVE OF GUILT WASHED OVER HIM. THIS NEW SELF AWARENESS WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIS NARROW MIND.
NOT HAVING THE EMOTIONAL CONTROL TO DEAL WITH IT HE FREAKED..
AAARGH!
HE KNEW OF ONLY ONE WAY TO FIX THE PROBLEM OF BEING HIMSELF..
BUT..
HE FUCKED UP AGAIN...
HE TRIED OSCARCIDE AGAIN... WITH A GUN..
TREMBLE
SMILE
THIS TIME HE DID BETTER
AFTER HIS RELEASE FROM INTENSIVE CARE, HE WAS PLACED IN A WARD FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE
AND HE SUCCEEDED IN CHANGING HIMSELF. HE NO LONGER FUCKED UP..
HE NO LONGER DID ANYTHING, FOR HE BLEW OUT HIS FRONTAL LOBES AND WAS A ZOMBIE..
AND THE WORLD WAS OK NOW FOR OSCAR..
BUT NOBODY CARED ANYWAY
THE END

STILL NOT SATISFIED

MONA TO THE MAX

THE DAY AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE...

JOHN E © 1984



MAX WAS UNCOMFORTABLE AROUND LARGE GROUPS: A MISFIT, A LONER.
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!
THANK GOD THERE'S THE KEG!
HI EVERYBODY!
MONA!

MONA! I JUST LOVE YOUR PURPLE KNICKERS!
THANKS! ONLY $50 FROM NUVO WAVO! HEY, GET YOURSELF A BEER!

LINDA, A FRIEND OF MONA'S MAX KNEW WELL, MOVED TOWARD HIM AND THE KEG...
WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' OVER HERE ALL BY YOURSELF SAD SACK?
HI RED! WHAT'S SHAKIN', BESIDES YOUR BOOTY?

WHAT, AND SUFFER THE WRATH OF MONUMENTAL MONA? ARE YOU KIDDING? WANNA SEE THE LATEST BATTLE SCARS?
OOOH, YOU BAD BOY, WHY DON'T YOU EVER COME BY ANYMORE?

SPARE ME, CHICKENMAN.., WHY DON'T YOU STAND UP TO THAT SHIT? YOU JUST TAKE IT, TAKE IT, TAKE IT.. LIKE YOU DESERVE IT OR SOMETHING...
MAYBE I DO...

BUT, I DRINK TOO MUCH... MONA CAN'T DIG IT, I UNDERSTAND THAT, I'VE TRIED TO QUIT, BUT I CAN'T..
I CAN'T BUY THAT.. YOU'RE ALWAYS SWEET TO ME

NAW, SHE DOESN'T SEE THE DOUBLE STANDARD... THE WORLD REVOLVES AROUND MONA... WHAT SHE CAN'T CHANGE, SHE SIMPLY HATES.
HELL, MAX, SHE DRINKS LIKE A FISH! YOU EVER RIDE HER ABOUT IT?

RIGHT. EVERYONE'S ON GUARD.. AFRAID TO SAY SOMETHING THAT WON'T PLEASE HER.. I DON'T CARE ANYMORE, I JUST PLAY ALONG AND TRY TO SURVIVE.
AND SHE WONDERS WHY HER FRIENDS DON'T TRUST HER...

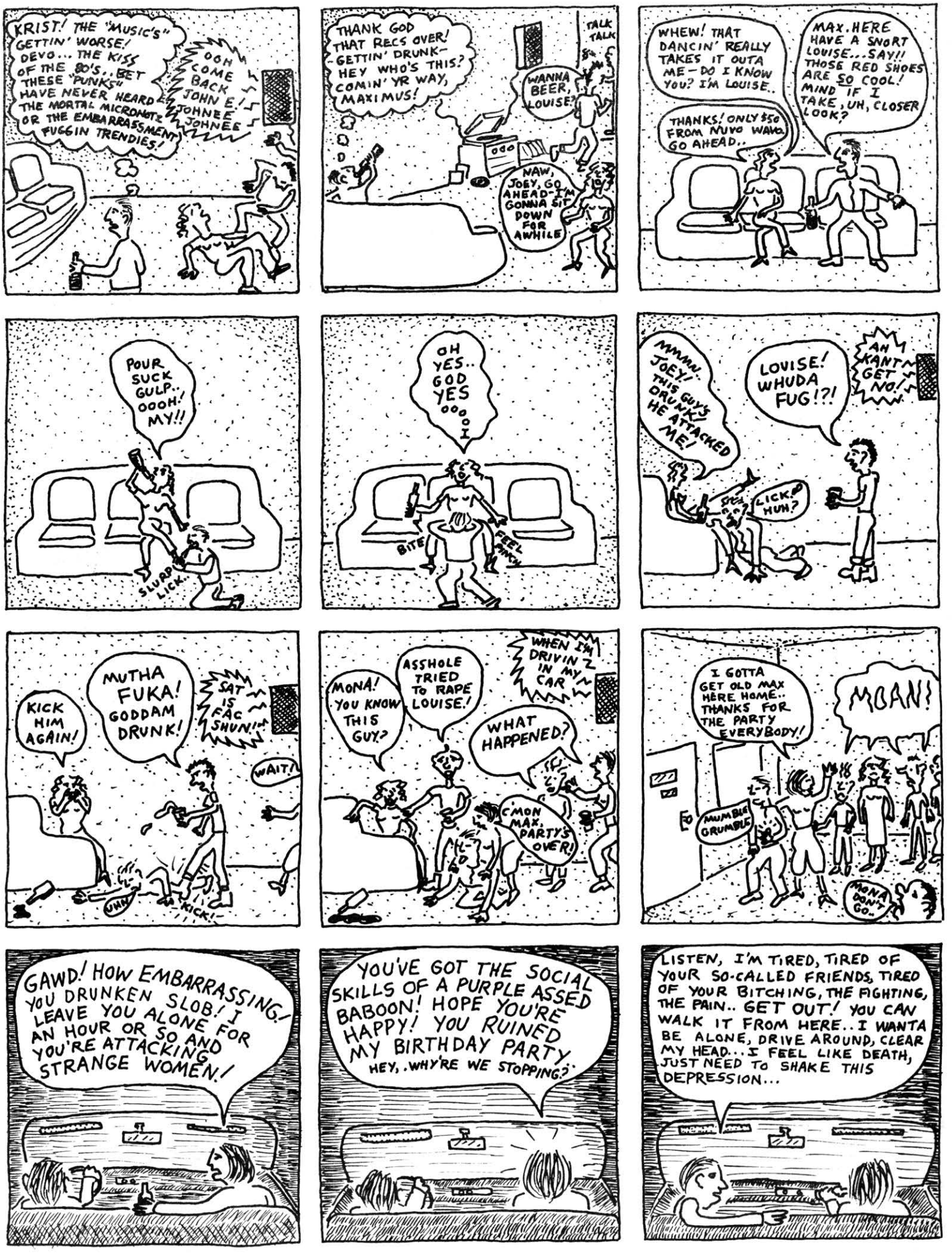
WELL, WHAT SHE DON'T KNOW WON'T HURT YOU... C'MON BY SOMETIME..
ALRIGHT..

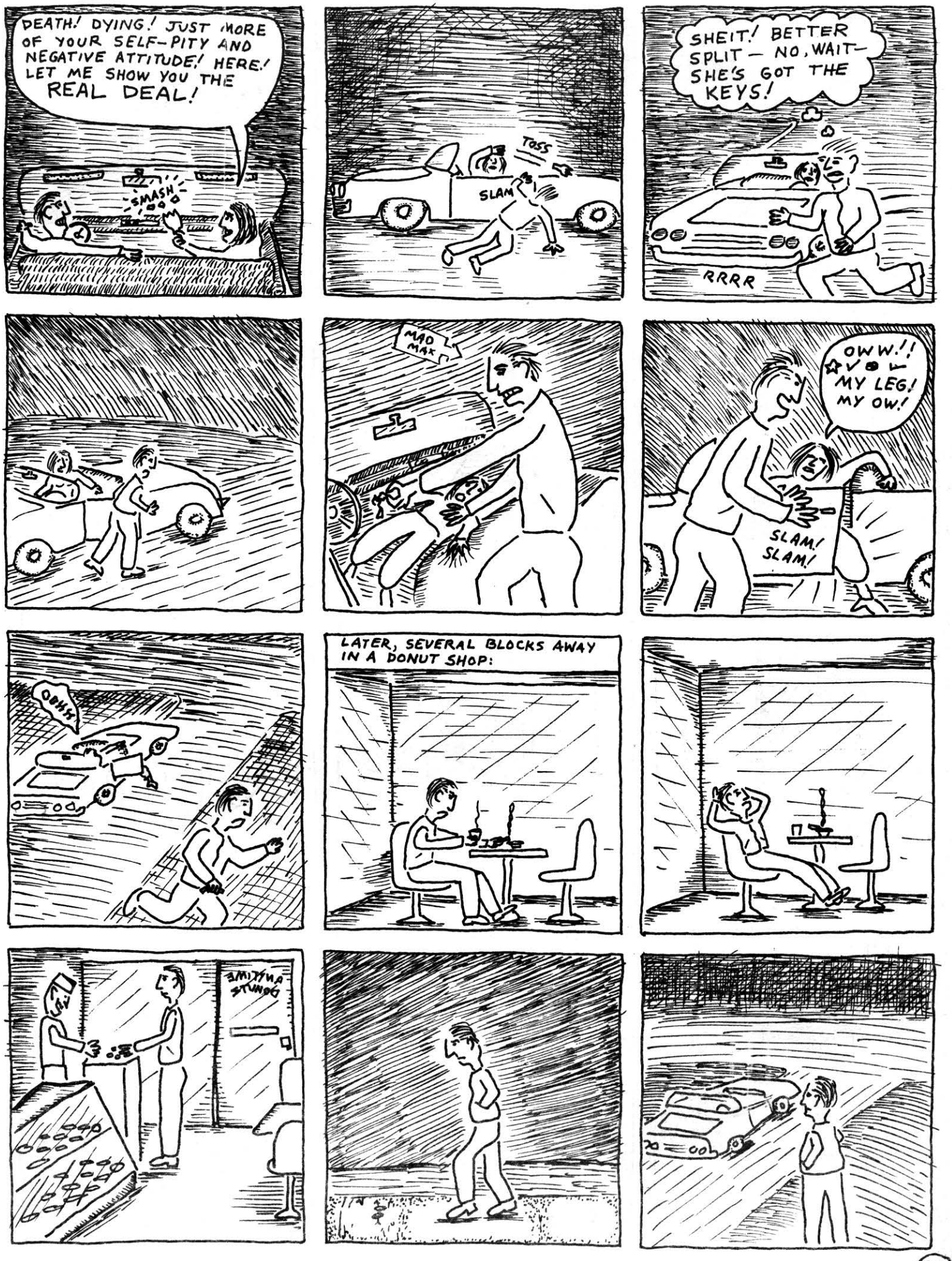
MAX GOT UP TO TAKE A LEAK
THROUGH THE MADDING CROWD..

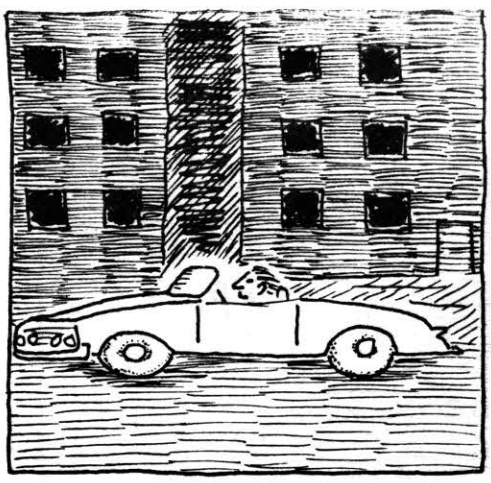
THE PARTY WAS GOING FULL BORE NOW.. MAX MADE HIS WAY THROUGH A ROOMFUL OF DANCERS
LET ME TAKE YOU TO THE MAX!.. I WANT TO LOVE YOU P.Y.T..
SCUSE ME

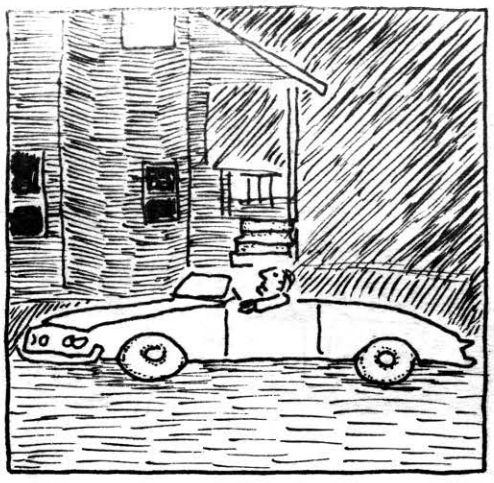
HEY! SOME FOOL LEFT A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY IN HERE WITH MY NAME ON IT!
YOU NEED SOME LOVIN! T.L.C. TENDER LOVIN' CARE

I'LL TAKE YOU THERE
KOOSH


KRIST! THE "MUSIC'S" GETTIN' WORSE! DEVO... THE KISS OF THE 80'S.. BET THESE "PUNKS" HAVE NEVER HEARD OF THE MORTAL MICRONOTZ OR THE EMBARRASSMENT! FUGGIN TRENDIES!
OOH COME BACK JOHN E! JOHNEE JOHNEE
THANK GOD THAT RECS OVER! GETTIN' DRUNK- HEY WHO'S THIS? COMIN' YR WAY, MAXIMUS!
TALK TALK
WANNA BEER, LOUISE?
NAW, JOEY, GO AHEAD-I'M GONNA SIT DOWN FOR AWHILE
WHEW! THAT DANCIN' REALLY TAKES IT OUTA ME- DO I KNOW YOU? I'M LOUISE..
MAX. HERE HAVE A SNORT LOUISE... SAY!! THOSE RED SHOES ARE SO COOL! MIND IF I TAKE, UH, CLOSER LOOK?
THANKS! ONLY $50 FROM NUVO WAVE GO AHEAD..
POUR SUCK GULP.. OOOH! MY!!
SLURP LICK..
OH YES.. GOD YES OOOO I
BITE
FEEL PINCH
MMMM JOEY! THIS GUY'S DRUNK- HE ATTACKED ME!
LOUISE! WHUDA FUG!?!
AH KANT GET NO!
LICK! HUH?
KICK HIM AGAIN!
MUTHA FUKA! GODDAM DRUNK!
SAT IS FAC SHUN!
WAIT!
UHH
KICK!
MONA! YOU KNOW THIS GUY?
ASSHOLE TRIED TO RAPE LOUISE!
WHEN I'M DRIVIN 2 IN MY CAR
WHAT HAPPENED?
C'MON MAX, PARTY'S OVER!
I GOTTA GET OLD MAX HERE HOME.. THANKS FOR THE PARTY EVERYBODY!
MOAN!
MUMBLE GRUMBLE
MONA DON'T GO..
GAWD! HOW EMBARRASSING! YOU DRUNKEN SLOB! I LEAVE YOU ALONE FOR AN HOUR OR SO AND YOU'RE ATTACKING STRANGE WOMEN!
YOU'VE GOT THE SOCIAL SKILLS OF A PURPLE ASSED BABOON! HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY! YOU RUINED MY BIRTHDAY PARTY
HEY, .WHY'RE WE STOPPING?
LISTEN, I'M TIRED, TIRED OF YOUR SO-CALLED FRIENDS, TIRED OF YOUR BITCHING, THE FIGHTING, THE PAIN.. GET OUT! YOU CAN WALK IT FROM HERE.. I WANTA BE ALONE, DRIVE AROUND, CLEAR MY HEAD... I FEEL LIKE DEATH, JUST NEED TO SHAKE THIS DEPRESSION...


DEATH! DYING! JUST MORE OF YOUR SELF-PITY AND NEGATIVE ATTITUDE! HERE! LET ME SHOW YOU THE REAL DEAL!
SMASH
TOSS
SLAM
SHEIT! BETTER SPLIT — NO, WAIT— SHE'S GOT THE KEYS!
RRRR
MAD MAX
OWW.!! MY LEG! MY OW.!
SLAM! SLAM!
OHH
LATER, SEVERAL BLOCKS AWAY IN A DONUT SHOP:





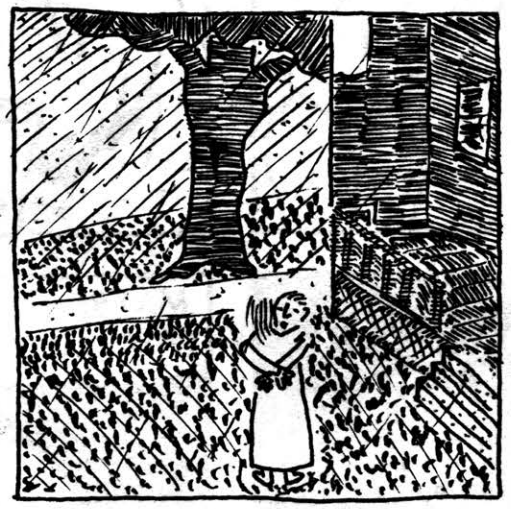
MAX RAN DOWN THE STREET CRYING. CLUTCHING HIS WOUNDED WRIST, HE RAN AND RAN, NEVER LOOKING BACK..

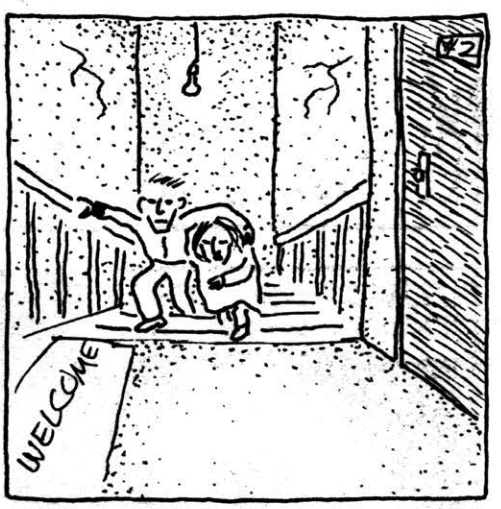
IT BEGAN TO RAIN... OUT OF BREATH, MAX STOPPED AND SAT DOWN IN FRONT OF A BUILDING.

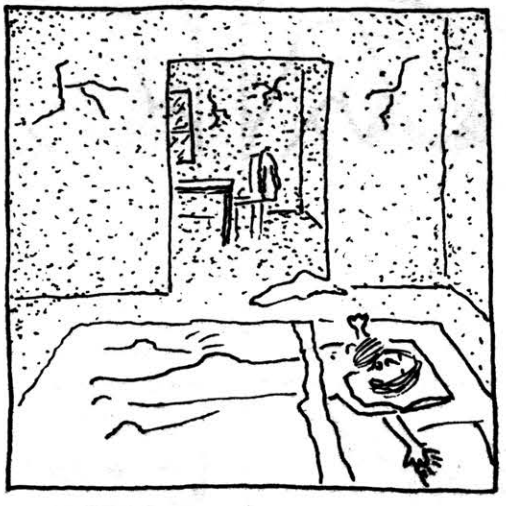
MAX SLOWLY WALKED BACK TOWARD THE HOUSE, JUMPING AT SHADOWS IN THE RAINY NIGHT
HUNH! OH, IT'S ONLY A SHADOW..

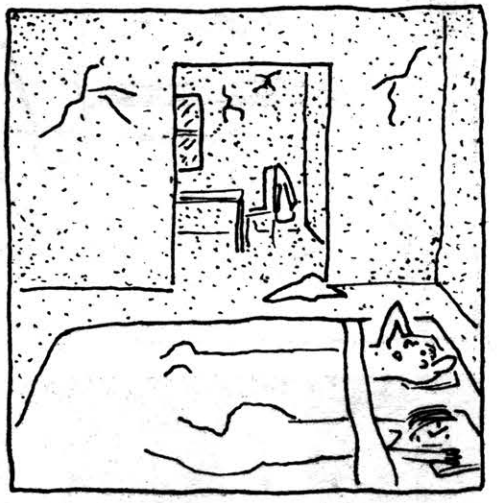
WHEN HE STEPPED ONTO THE BLOCK THEIR HOUSE WAS ON, HE BECAME EVEN MORE CAUTIOUS, WALKING IN THE STREET, WELL AWAY FROM THE TREES.

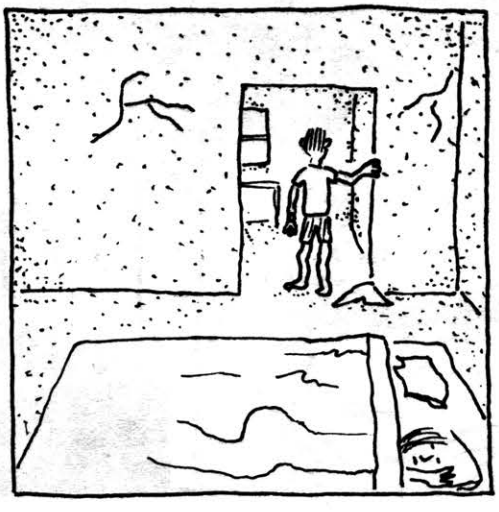
WAIT! DON'T RUN AWAY FROM MEEEE!

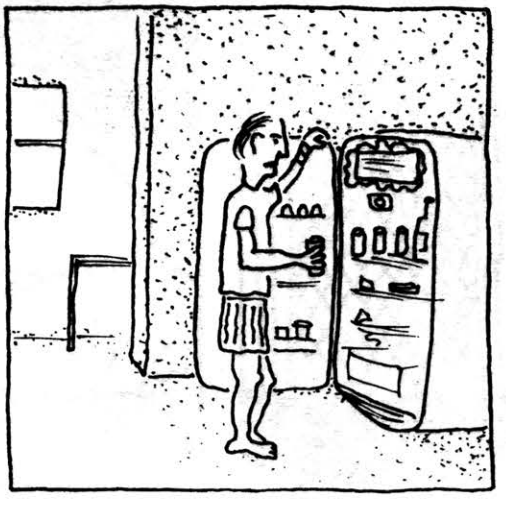


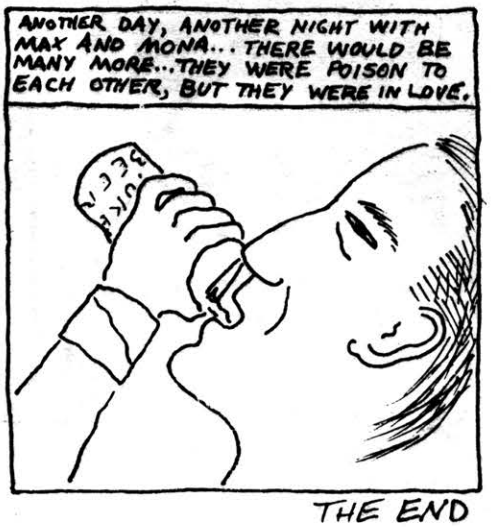

#2
WELCOME










ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER NIGHT WITH MAX AND MONA... THERE WOULD BE MANY MORE...THEY WERE POISON TO EACH OTHER, BUT THEY WERE IN LOVE.

THE END

SLOBBA the IDIOT

©1984 by DOUG HOLVERSON

Cage la Funnies

©1984 Doug Henderson

THE ESSENCE OF A SPIRIT...

STORY: CHASMON DED
ILLUSTRATION: MIKE HONEYCUTT
© 1984

Perhaps it is within the mind that apparitions of humans exist. This thought, which I would once have passed off as a specious approach to the supernatural, has become my obssession. I run it through, I tremble then try to shake off my trembling and occupy myself otherwise. But I cannot persevere. I am infused with fear and cannot escape it. Sleep is my time of greatest horror-when that which I most dread wrests total control and visits me with visions which are normal in appearence but uncalled for, unexpected, not from my past. Somehow my thoughts are foreign, they reveal sense to me as they wish, repeated nightly or at random.

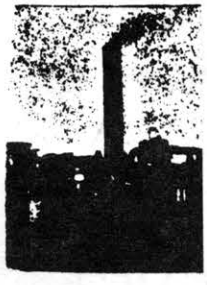
I cannot even wake at will. Back in my mind comes the command wake up- your thoughts are harmful- you endanger yourself- wake up! But instead I dream of waking up repeatedly finding that an impenetrable membrane seperates me from reality. After several tries I realize my entrapment and concentrate on opening my eyes. My whole body sweats as I vainly lunge for the control of just those simple muscles. Many times lately I awake, teeth clenched, bathed in acrid sweat, my body is tired, a pulpy feeling begins anew. Another dead day. The struggle for control of my mind seems to last and last--and yet it seems there is no enemy to die before I awake. Many times lately I have wrestled in suffocating sleep while my phone rings and rings- and I cannot gain control enough to open my eyes, let alone answer the welcome intrusions from the outside world. I am humiliated at my fear, what is it that is happening to me-insanity? Insanity seemed to be the only solution, and it seemed almost soothing for me to accept that diagnosis. But, although my fatigue, obsession, and inexplicably growing panic was causing some acts by me that I could accept as tainted by a lack of sanity; still I can not convince myself that actions like ceasing to move for five minutes or so, being in a trance like state-were not products of my problems rather than the cause. I was becoming deranged by something I thought, although I hoped to just lose my mind so I could recover. I wanted to just be insane but I could not convince myself of that soothing idea-it is difficult to convince yourself when you can't even control waking up.

After three months of this private torture I was exhausted to the point of illness; I was an insomniac, malnourished, irritable, and given to rages. I hated everything-why must I be obsessed with that which I was terrorized by, indeed. Irony can be a bitter hot flame. Visions of 38 year old children had been coming to me. Before only men in suits, women of middle age in aprons and maybe a few other normal looking people had appeared in my dreams, laughing happily, smiling warmly, sometimes crying, singing songs; some familiar, some unknown to me. They seemed to live in my mind-and I mean live a real life-like "Our Town". I felt infested then, and after enough repitition I developed a fear of the loss of control. Now though, it was worse, these 38 year old children, small, ovalur faces, childish eyes and features but with whiskers or breasts. And they always stated their age to each other. I have tried to enter into their conversations but I have no bodily presense in that world. I only exist to construct their world and watch them. I am the only one that is real-yet I am the only one who cannot live in this unreal world of my own out-of-control mind. Irony can be anything from a humorous coincidence to a grotesque death and my parasites seemed to be teaching me the crueler forms of irony.

Is this a ghost story, did these people need to float down stairwells to be apparitions or could they simply force me to construct their world and provide for them. It seemed that as I lost

cont...

vitality, as my will to resist grew limp, They multiplied and they changed. Everyone was there, some didn't appear some days-nights- and then weeks later drifted by, talking usually about subjects which I couldn't seem to understand-although I followed their words. My plight had become known to others-in the world which I had been carved from. I lost my job of course. I couldn't concentrate on drafting, on blueprints. The company fired me for not attending to my work. They knew I had slipped somewhere and wanted me out immediately. I couldn't fight-my job was important to me but I couldn't concentrate on it as an object to keep- I lacked the energy to do something. I frightened those I was around because I stared, didn't eat much, didn't take care of myself and yet would sometimes, as if released for a short time, burst into a demoniacal surge of physical activity-ignoring those in my way. I tried to act normal and I sure didn't want to frighten people. In fact, it was hard for me to understand others fear of me. I, who whimpered before sleeping now-although never really sleeping anyway-I was the one in fear-nobody needed to be afraid of me, I was totally in control by now-except for brief disturbing breaks when I tore about impulsively like a rubber band which has been twisted into a ball and released. The people sometimeswore masks and they were different now. An old child would tell everyone to leave and, when alone in a clear space, would masturbate emotionlessly. I didn't understand but couldn't ask because I had no voice. You can think of a question and so can I, but it didn't communicate to these people, my thoughts just hung-dead. My arm is broken, I don't know how it happened but I think I hit someone who was in my way. This motel won't be a home anymore. I have no more money. I know I have some money somewhere else-a bank where I was from. But I am too tired to remember more. It is warm outside anyway so I'm going there. One of the people is eating insects. She is three years old but her face is older-starved. Her stomach is fat but her bones show-starvation. Not like me though, I am not hungry, I am only skinny- although my broken arm is fat and it hurts, a welcome pain. I cannot ignore such children, although it once seemed so easy to do- effortless. They do not like my pain- it inflames my mind and their life is disrupted. The sun is always in front of me- my guide.

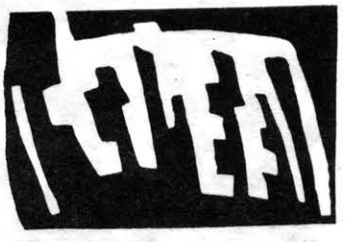


It is warm in the desert.

It is cold now. People with metal shining on them have picked me up. I now see that they are police. They keep asking me questions- I understand, but feel no need to answer. They will assume I am deranged if I answer or if I do not. They point at my arm, which I had forgotten. I knew there was pain there but it had been my friend. I can understand pain. It speaks to the people and to me. A language we both seem to understand. My arm is very large, it hangs revealed. As I follow their stares I see my shirt has lost its sleeve. I cannot move my arm. I try though and the pain surges.

Physical anguish alleviates mental anguish but all is pain now. I can accept the people. They do not understand though. The little girl's insects, now being eaten by many little girls, multiply anyway. They don't stay on the clear spot. No.

I can feel insects all over in my head. I cannot bear this and so I open my mouth and scream. It seems to help, the people look at me. The little girls get up and leave, except some remain, they are dead and I am relieved because the insects return to infest them. I can close my mouth now, but cannot because of cloth which has been shoved in it, forcing it mutely open.



They are dressed like the sun, all in white except their faces which

cont....

hover darkly above me. Doctors. My arm is gone. I am transfixed with needles and pain rocks me in subsiding waves.

I cannot move, the people, the needles and straps hold me down. I am pinioned. The people are active. The dead little girls, their skin stretched taut like vellum, are seething with internal movement. They smell. A very tired man points at the three little bodies and they are gone. He remains, he looks at me and weeps softly. Is he a friend? Does he know me? Can he tell me anything? I ask but am voiceless.

He speaks: We will be leaving".

I had not considered death before. I, now cleansed of pain, was sleeping and the people seemed to know. They were out. A 38 year old child was back, male. He was holding a little starved girl in his arms and chanting something. It was "again, again, again" on and on and he too looked at me, as did the little girl and she said nothing.

The doctors want to talk to me but my speech is not for them. They can answer no questions and I effortlessly close my eyes to their image.

They have me bound and pinioned, their captive they must think. But I can not concern myself with them. I know they imagine my insanity but I am possessed. I know.

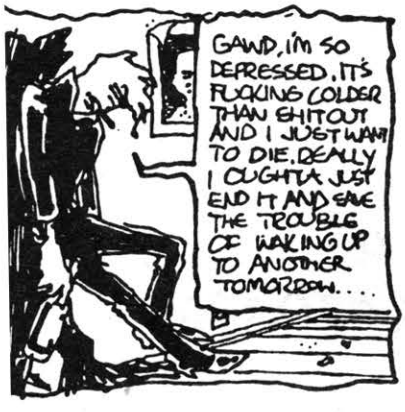
The essence of a spirit is that it cannot be seen.

THEND

Just Another Nite

WUR NOT SUPPOSED O HAVE T-UN ALONE...

1982


GAWD, I'M SO DEPRESSED. IT'S FUCKING COLDER THAN SHIT OUT AND I JUST WANT TO DIE. REALLY I OUGHTA JUST END IT AND SAVE THE TROUBLE OF WAKING UP TO ANOTHER TOMORROW....

SOMEBODIES SCREAMING IN PAIN OUT THERE. WHY SHOULD I FEEL BAD? IT'S NOT AS BAD FOR ME AS A LOTTA POOR STUPID ASS HOLES I COULD NAME. AT LEAST I'M NOT LIKE THEM

THE END

KRAZY KOMIX
By: Waltman ©1983
Inter-view
Aint nuthin happenin
Ahh of a sudden. . .
?
GOT A MIN-IT?
SAY Bud, hows about A little insect-o-graph for This MiNi-COMIC YOU STAR iN?
SCRATCH!
HOLD iT!
You can get copies of "Krazy Komix" from "Comix World" Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707, for 50¢ + 1 STAMP!
AND NOW FOR THAT INTER-VIEW?
SHEE-IT!

I'YAM DA SPIDER FROM DA KRAZY KOMIX... AND DIS IS MY STORY, OF DESPAIR AND GLOOM AND SIMPLE GLORY...

waltman ©84

It all started when I had my chance to BE A star in my own comic, but guess I blew it when I ate BAD Bud the Bug in issue 5.

It turns out, the artist din't like what I did and decided to retaliate...

SO... YOU HAVE EATEN BAD BUD THE BUG, EH!

ULP!

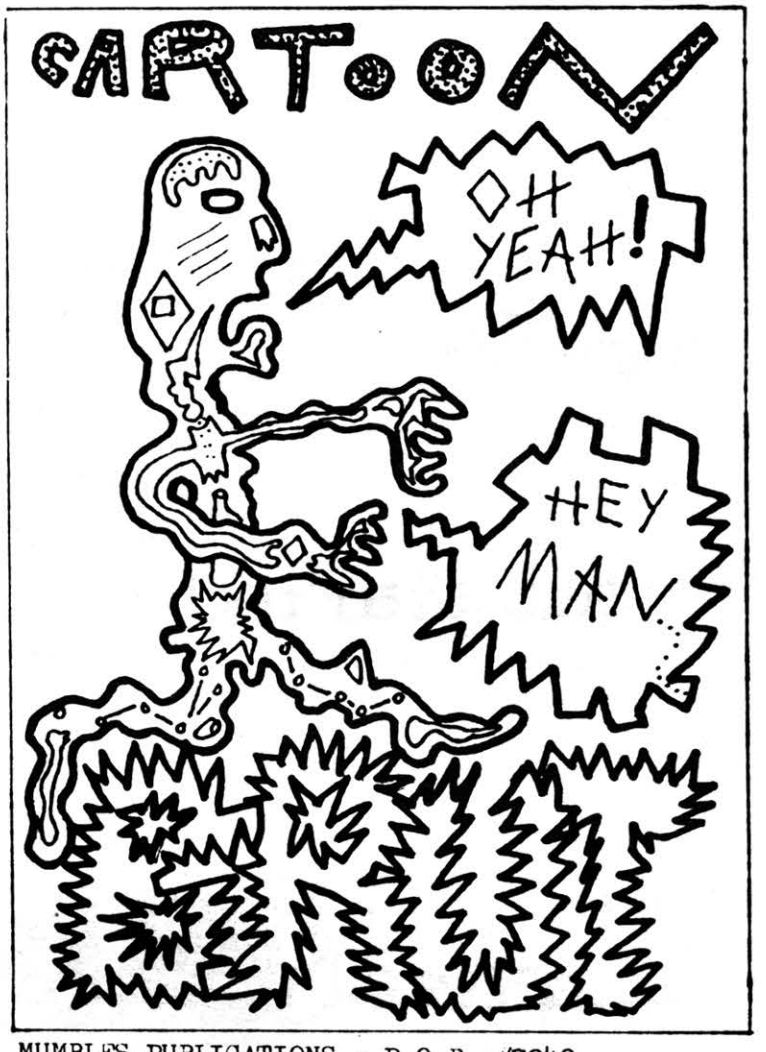
Ha! Ha!

GOOD ACTING! MY STUNT MAN, OF COURSE DIN'T THINK SO...

I WON'T STAND FOR IT!

SPIDERS HAT

BAM!



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TRUE PUNK ROMANCE
TWISTED IMAGE
'I WANT TO HAVE LIBERACE'S BABY'
sobs tearful Exone
Bianca battles human pig
ACTUAL ACCOUNTS OF LIZ HAVING SEXUAL INTERCOURSE

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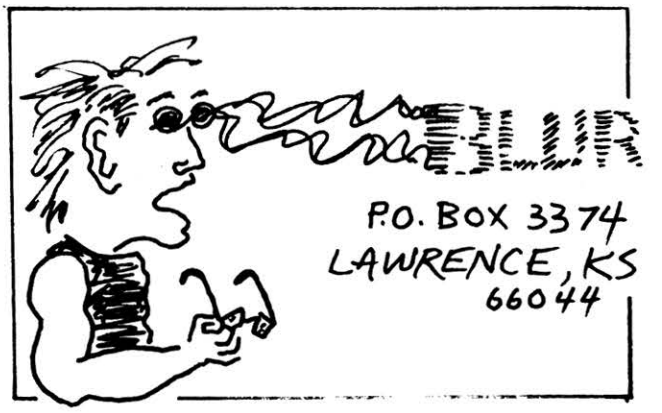

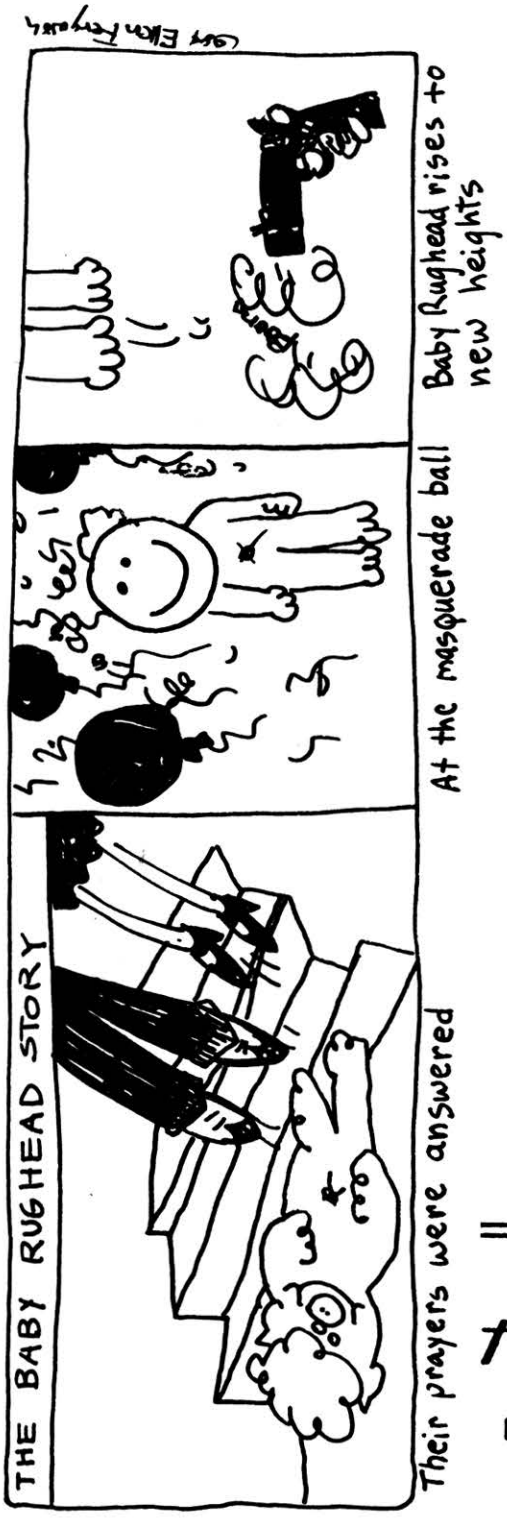

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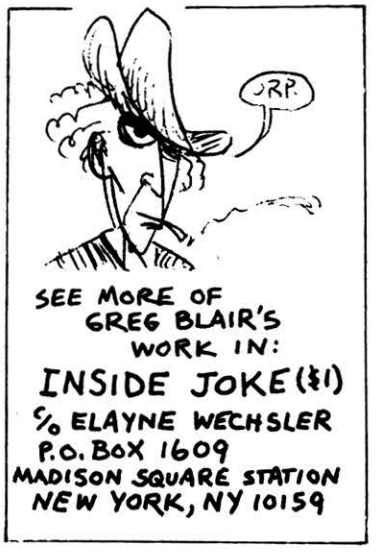

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The worker POET
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THE CONSTANCE
NEWSLETTER
P.O. BOX 12614
COLUMBUS, OHIO 43212

NIGHTMARES OF THOMAS EQUINASS

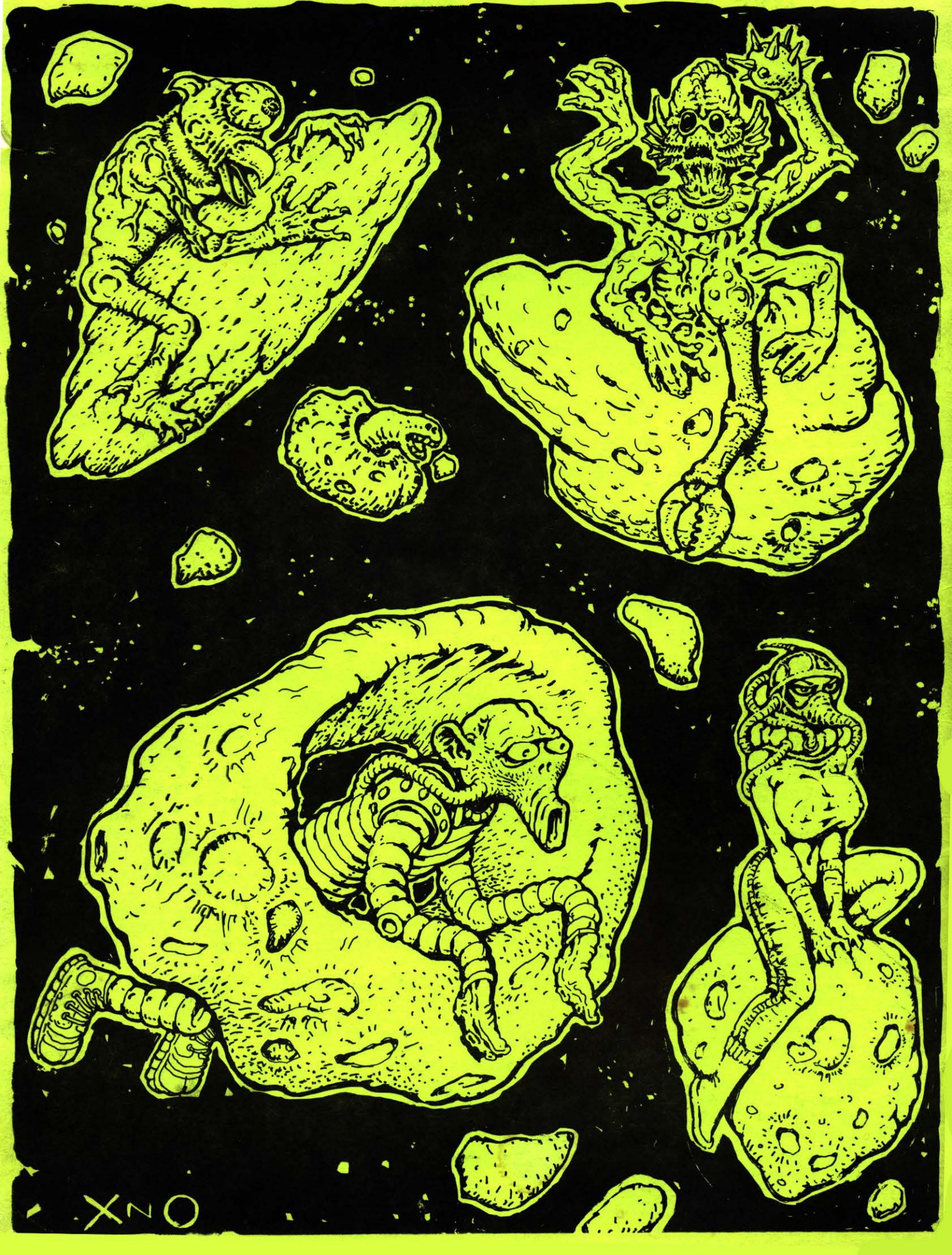
I DREAMED I WAS OUT ON SOME RUINED MESA...
RUE IN MAY, SIR!
DREAMING THAT I WAS INSIDE THAT DIRE OEDIFICE...
IDEO
i.e.
DREAMING THAT I STOOD OUT HERE, BEYOND THE MESA.
ASSETTE
IT WAS ONLY A DREAM, THOUGH. I AWOKE AND LOOKED THROUGH THE GLASS...
I WAS DREAMING, YES...
AND SAW MYSELF OVER IN THE ROCK DWELLING...
HERE IN THIS NIGHTMARE
EXAMPLES
DREAMING I WAS IN HERE.
©84-J.RYAN

1. A cat strolls across your back yard. An hour later a dog with his nose to the ground follows the footsteps of the cat. Explain this occurrence from an atomic point of view.

2. A sizable quantity of earth is washed down the Mississippi River and deposited in the Gulf of Mexico. What effect does this tend to have on the length of day?

3. Strictly speaking, you weigh a tiny bit less when you are in the lobby of a skyscraper. Why is this so?

4. Why are gun barrels bored with a spiral groove to make a bullet spin when fired?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